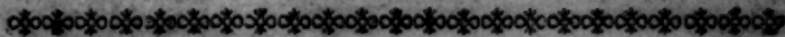
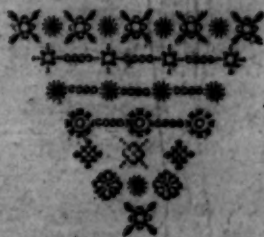


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THE
FARMER'S JOURNEY,
TO
LONDON.
A
FARCE,
IN
THREE ACTS.

*Quod petis, hic est,
Est Ulubris; animus si te non deficit æquus. Hor.*



LONDON;
PRINTED FOR R. BALDWIN, AND SOLD
BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN
AND COUNTRY. M DCC LXIX.

ROLOGUE

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

I have fixed upon to kill the heart
The Author says, you're wrong you're all
For it alone, you'll hear, it will be
The play is done, the heart is all
Written in Lys, the heart is all
By one I fear who's all the heart
Where was it? I hear the heart
I tell you Lys, in Lys, the heart
Such scribbling nonsense, the heart
I feel I wonder you can sit to
The play, the heart, the heart
It is the heart to mark a heart
So all, to mark, and to mark
I in turn I with I kept at heart
Another heart, the heart, the heart
It is good I'm certain I should
That they go on with the heart
In Lys, and Lys, as well as heart
But dark, yes, the heart, the heart
This heart is new, the heart, the heart
I only told the other heart, the heart
A Frenchman wrote it, the heart, the heart
Yes, yes, I'm right, the heart, the heart
I like old England, the heart, the heart
I hope that don't offend, the heart, the heart
You cannot but confess, the heart, the heart
Be merciful, the heart, the heart
And do not break a heart, the heart, the heart
How can you be to Lys, the heart, the heart
To mark the heart, the heart, the heart
He aims at power, the heart, the heart
I fear who's all the heart, the heart
Conscious of Lys, the heart, the heart
Loaded with thought, the heart, the heart
It is the heart, the heart, the heart
Lys, to you this heart, the heart, the heart
To your heart, the heart, the heart
And a heart, the heart, the heart
The heart, the heart, the heart

PROLOGUE.

LADIES and Gentlemen.—— I am that *Rogue*,
 That's fix'd upon to kill this dear *Prologue*.
 The Author *cries*, you're wrong you *lying elf*,
 Let it alone; you'll hear 't will *kill it self*.
 The play is done,—— the *Farce* Intirely new;
 Written in LYNN,—— In *Lynn*! I pray by Who?—— }
 By one I fear who'd little else to do——
 Where was it *Wrote*, I hear the *Critics* say?
 I tell ye *Lynn*.—— In *Lynn*;—— *Away, away*.
 Such scribbling nonsense! *Lud*! I cannot bear it:
 Ladies I wonder you can sit to hear it,
 'The *plot*—— the *style*—— It's killed so many ways,
 It is enough to make us sick of plays;
 So *dull*—— so *heavy*—— and so *unpolite*,
 I'm sure I wish I'd kept at home to Night.
 Another speaks,—— censorious—— loud as Thunder,
 If it was good I'm certain I should wonder.
 Thus they go on, with all their usual raill'ry
 In *Box*, and *Pit*, as well as upper *Gall'ry*;
 But hark ye, Sirs—— mine was a false pretence?
 'This *Farce* is new *Translated* from the *French*.
 I only told the other tale to tease ye,
 A Frenchman wrote it,—— now, I know 't will please ye;
 Yes, yes. I'm right:—— You hate the English *drama*,
 I Like old England best; that's fact,—— Else *Damns*.
 I hope that don't offend; pray Sirs be quiet;
 You cannot sure come here to breed a *Riot*.
 Be merciful,—— the Author's faults conceal,
 And do not *Break a Fly* upon a *W* *bell*.
 How can you be so *Cruel*; so *Severe*,
 To *execute* for *crimes*, before you hear?
 He aims at no one so, no one can hit
 Except who's conscious,—— that the cap will fit!
 Conscious of Guilt, unwilling thus to tease ye,
 Loaded with thoughts,——how he should Act to please ye }
 He'll freely take it back, if that will ease ye.——

Ladies—— to you this *Farce* he will Submit,
 To your Sound Judgment. and Unerring Wit;
 And if it meets with your fair Approbation,
 He fears not all the *Critics*—— in the Nation.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Mr. Witwoud, *a Farmer,*
Watchful, *a Sharper.*
Thread. *a Taylor.*
Trip, *a Shoe-maker.*
Shavesquare, *a Barber.*
Sharper, *Landlord of an Inn on the Road,*
Quickly, *Landlord of an Inn in London.*
Hodge, *Servant to Witwoud.*
John, *Servant to a Neighbouring Farmer,*

W O M E N.

Mrs. Witwoud, *Wife to Mr. Witwoud,*
Mrs. Quickly, *Wife to Quickly.*
Mrs. Sharper, *Wife to Sharper.*
Mary, }
& } *Servants to Mrs. Witwoud.*
Kate, }

Scene *a little Country-house,*



T H E
F A R M E R ' s
Journey to LONDON;

A Farce in Three A C T S.

A C T. I.

SCENE I. *A little Country House, where Hodge
and John meet by Chance.*

JOHN.

WELL, Hodge, Boy, How goes it? You
look a little cross about something. I
hope all things are right 'twixt you and
Mary. Come Boy, I am glad to see you,
give me hold of your fist, (*shakes hands*) how do
times go at your house? tho' I suppose much as they
do at ours, *Lords and Ladies* instead of *Farmers*.
—But how does my *Kate* do? /

HODGE.

Do! Na, Na, *Kate* and I do much alike, both
damn'dly uneasy.—Why han't you heard the news?

JOHN.

Not I Boy — What news? Your Measter's not
broke these times, I'm sure?

B

HODGE,

2 THE FARMER'S

HODGE.

No! broke! no! worse than that.—He is whole, and will not keep himself so. — Why, you mun know, my Measter, (plague take all young Measters, say I, when the old ones go there seldom better comes) why he wants to rake to *London*; to try if he can't get a Parliament-mans place.

JOHN.

To *London* Hodge! O Lud! to *London*!

HODGE.

Aye, to *London*, and will make me go with him, else, he says, I shall leave his place; and I cant for the soul of me persuade him off on't.

JOHN.

If you love yourself and have any love for *Mary*, don't go, *Hodge*, to *London*! I would not go to *London* for all the varfal world, no, not if I cou'd be made King when I come there.—But consider dear *Mary*, *Hodge*, do Boy, don't go on her 'count consider but her *Hodge*, pray do.

HODGE.

Aye, *John*, there it is Boy (*Hodge cries*) poor *Mary* will fret away her life, poor creature! beside, they say, them Londoners will almost look a man's life away.

JOHN.

Well be rul'd by me, and never go. — I would sooner leave my place than go—Why, if his Feather was alive, he'd knock his brains out for ever thinking

JOURNEY TO LONDON. 3

ing on such a thing. But how do he intend to get there?

HODGE.

Why, Mun, he have bought a Coach, or a Chariot, or some such thing that is to go post. I know not how the devil he means, not I

JOHN.

But what are you to do for Horses? Why, Dodman and Doubty are the best you have; and one of them is black, and t'other bay—why, that will never do, sure

HODGE.

Why, Measter have bought a new coach horse, cost seven and thirty pounds to match Dodman, there's times for farmers—I wou'd a had them a gone up in our waggon, as you know our harness and bells are all new, and wou'd a look't well.

JOHN.

Ay, indeed, I think so too—O Lud! *Hodge*, how times are alter'd! what's the reason he wou'd not?

HODGE.

Because he thought people would laugh and grin at him he said,—and they are so high-hearted—well, I don't care, if I am to go, I am to be coachman.

JOHN.

Are you tho'? why, that's a good thing for you, *Hodge*.

HODGE.

Ay, Boy! and I'm to have a livery, a lac'd hat, and scarlet great coat. But, damn it, I don't like

4 THE FARMER'S

the coat vastly. I'm fearful lest when I come there, I should be press'd into the King's guards.

JOHN.

Then your measter mun get you a Captain's place. But now won't his landlord be angry with him, when he hears of this?

HODGE.

He've got a new lease of his farm, mun, and he don't mind his landlord. Why, our measter have ways, mun. Why now, he saves forty shillings a year by brewing only. We make four sorts of beer now, mun—The mash we used to let stand till the afternoon is now set a going at nine in the morning.

JOHN.

Damn such ways as them, say I—curse the rumbo and the bumbo. Our measters will drink no beer now a days, that's the reason 'tis so bad.

HODGE.

Right *John*. Why now, our measter and mistress, *Mary* tells me, drink brandy in their tea to keep them from the vapours.—If his poor old father was alive he'd vapour him with the devil to him.

JOHN.

Well, I never see'd a boy so much alter'd in all my life. Why, I heard he lost 50 Pounds t'other-day at a horse-race, my Lord Hector's Squirrel beating his Nimble. Why, this journey must be expensive.

HODGE.

JOURNEY TO LONDON. 5

HODGE.

Ay, Boy, it will cost rivers of money—Why, our measter is going to have a coat with a lace two inches and a half broad; he have a lac'd waistcoat and a lac'd hat, and his grandfather's sword's new polish'd.

JOHN.

Sword, *Hodge*! why what will he do with a sword?

HODGE.

Nay, why every fool wears one now a days, don't they? what a sight of Captains came through our town t'other day with swords! Sblood! I could beat fifty of them with my plowstick.

JOHN.

Well, I suppose I must not speak to you, when you get on your new cloaths

HODGE.

Yes, yes, I shan't be proud, mun, not I, dam it, I star'd, when the taylor came to take measure of me for new cloaths! I was so ticklish I could hardly stand still. My measter call'd out, trim it with red full trimming. I cry'd, no, Sir, pray don't make a fool of me. You fool, says he very angry, must you not appear like a gentleman's servant? I said, no, Sir, for God's sake.

JOHN.

What signifies what you appear like, if you do but get your cloaths? Why, *Hodge*, now, your Mistress must have something new. Won't that be chargeable?

HODGE.

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HODGE.

Our Mistrefs is a very saving woman, I suppose; she made a thousand words t'other day with Mrs. *Double-face*, our mantua-maker — A woman that makes gowns and such things.

JOHN.

What did she make words for?

HODGE.

Why about an old silk hood of her grand mothers—She said it would make her — a god I can't think on't now, it's a hard name, mun. Oh a rig-ling-gee. And the woman said no, and she said yes, till they fell quite out. But *John*, our Measter will be call'd, Sir, and our Mistrefs, Madam.

JOHN.

Sir and Madam! O Lud! O Lud! Well but *Hodge*, tho' be sure, you take the boy *Jack* with you.

HODGE.

Yes, yes, *Jack* rides the Mule to open the gates. *Jack's* cloaths are made out of my Measter's old ones. *Jack's* a fore wicked boy.

JOHN.

Well, if I was you, I should be afeard to go, I'm sure.

HODGE.

Afeard tho'—why I shan't be hurt, not I

JOHN.

Does he know any of the London folks, *Hodge*?

HODGE.

JOURNEY TO LONDON. 7.

HODGE.

Why, I don't know, not I. He do, and he don't, I think, I know not how 'tis, not I. But our Mistress's uncle is one of the Parliament men, I think. I suppose she knows him well enough. His name is Sir *Samuel Gripe* Parliament-man, I heard my Measter say.

JOHN.

Lord *Hodge*! what is a Parliament man, do you know? I never see one of the Parliament in my life, that I know of—

HODGE.

No, nor I. But they say, he is a man — a man that is very rich, and damn'dly covetous, and has a monstrous deal of courage. But I suppose they must have some impudence to be Parliament-men. Why, he can save me from every thing but death, mun: they call him nothing but his Honour. I dare say, my Master expects to be one, as soon as he gets to London.

JOHN.

Well, *Hodge*, I mun go, I wish you well. If you will go to London, pray make a sure bargain with your Measter, remember me to *Kate*. Farewell *Hodge*, I hope to see you once more, if I can, before you go. *Exit. John.*

HODGE, *Solus.*

Yes, yes, I'll take care of that however, but I'll e'en go. If my Measter be made one of the Parliament, he may perhaps make me high sheriff. Then poor *Mary*! Lord how she'd look in a coach! why she'd look as well as my Mistress. I'll e'en consent to go. *Exit.*

S C E N E

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SCENE II. *Whitwoud's House.*

Enter Mary, Hodge and Kate,

MARY.

SO you say, you will go to London; you fool, your Measter will ne'er make you high Sheriff, thof he be Parliament man. Why, you can neither write nor read.

HODGE.

You simple girl — Why what signifies that? Pray, who was Goodman Dobson's son? He could neither write nor read, and was as big a fool as any hereabouts, and yet you see, he was a Sheriff-man. Wan't he pray?

MARY.

Ay, well, I know he won't make you one. Beside, where will you find money to buy a coach?

HODGE.

Lud! Well I never heard such a fool in all my life-time. Why, the whole country must help to pay for that, to be sure.

MARY.

Well, I don't know, not I, if I must ride in a coach, I must, tho' I don't think I should like it. For I once rid in Squire Upright's about a mile, and I suppose, I puk'd forty times, I was so sick.

KATE.

Ay *Mary*, I remember that you and I went to see the Butler at that time and that was the time I felt so queerly with drinking that wine. If Hodge go to London, and get that there place, you will both of you forget poor *Kate*.

HODGE,

JOURNEY TO LONDON. 9

HODGE.

Ay *Kate*——we mun do that, 'cause we should be Gentlemen and Ladies—but I don't know but we might let you be uppermaid.

KATE.

Lud! I shou'd like that. I wish it may be so, I'm sure—

MARY.

I'm sure so do I, and I don't know but it may.

HODGE.

Damn it, I am sure it will, and I know I shall want servants as soon as I come back again. The first thing I do when I come down, I marry; the next, buy a coach, then hire servants to look after it; which last perhaps I shall be match'd to get.

KATE.

Lud *Hodge*! you had better hire them before you go up. Why if our Measter be made one of the Parliament, he will want all the servants he can lay his hands on——

HODGE.

I believe you are right. What do you think, *Mary*?

MARY.

I think she is right, and what will he be to us then? why, our place will be as good as his, so we need not care for him—

C

KATE.

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KATE.

Not a bit. Why perhaps *Hodge* may be one of the Parliament the year after; then you know there is no differs——

HODGE.

Kate, —— you are right— Come, I will begin, I'll hire you directly. Hold your hand
(*Kate holds her hand*)

MARY.

No, pray *Mr. Hodge*, let me hire the maids, and do you hire the fellows. I know my place as well as you——

HODGE.

You silly toad, you don't know what to say, when you hire a servant for a high sheriff; only you will be obstinate; you must take care, else you 'll be laugh'd at.

MARY.

Pray, be quiet, do, and you shall hear. Pray, young woman, what wages do you ask, to be servant to his honour a high Sheriff?

KATE.

Three pounds a year, my Lady, and your old Cloaths——

HODGE.

Why, you fool, *Kate*, she won't be a lady. She'll be a Baronight then. How damn'd silly you are.

MARY.

Yes, yes, I shall be a Baronight then, sure enough:

JOURNEY TO LONDON. II

enough: *Hodge* is right there.

HODGE.

Let me only put you in the way this once, and don't forget— Come mind my words now. Pray, young woman, what wages would you ask to be servant to his honour the High Sheriff's wife? and a Baronight? that's your true title, *Mary*. Come now, answer me *Kate*, and mind now, and answer right—

KATE.

Three Pounds a year, my Lord the High Sheriff, and my Lady Baronight's old Cloaths.

HODGE.

Well spoke indeed, *Kate*! If I had not promis'd *Mary* my hand, I'd have you. I think you are more proper for a High Sheriff's wife than she is. What signifies lying?—

MARY.

Yes, yes, I dare say you do. But pray, a'n't I upper maid now, so must know things better than she? but she shall never be my servant for one reason—

HODGE.

What! jealous! oh! oh! but I say she shall.

MARY.

But I say she shan't. Mind that, *Mrs. Kate*.

KATE.

But I say, when he is High Sheriff, I will.

C 2

HODGE.

HODGE.

Yes, then I can have as many wives as I please, and I don't know but I may marry *Kate* and all, then.

MARY, *Raving*.

You deceitful dog, I don't care, I will have you for one, be it as it will, and I will bawl so loud as to make my Measter hear, and I will tell him all the story, I will, you Scrub. *Measter! Sir!*

Enter Witwoud.

WITWOUND.

What the Devil's the matter here? What's the matter, *Hodge*? What! the Devil! are you all stupid? Can none of you speak? Wenches, get you gone.

[Exeunt. Mary and Kate.]

Come, Sir, what's all this Noise about? My house, instead of being like a *Gentleman's*, is like a *Mad-house*.

HODGE.

Why Sir, Sir, Sir, nothing. Only *Mary* and I had a few words about a little nonsense, and *Mary's* plaguy hot.

WITWOUND.

About this journey, I suppose. Well it signifies little, if you will give her so much liberty. But *Hodge*, go to *Mr. Trip's* the *Shoemaker*, and tell him to bring home my shoes immediately, otherwise, I will not have them.

HODGE.

JOURNEY TO LONDON. 13

HODGE.

Yes Sir, Sir, &c.

[Exit. Hodge.]

WITWOUND.

These plaguy tradesmen! How much ado have I to get my things from them! Oh! here comes *Mrs. Witwound*, I see. I must inquire how her affairs go on—(To *Mrs. Witwound*) Well, my *Dear*, have you got every thing ready for our Journey.

Mrs. WITWOUND.

I am ready as soon you please. Lud! I wish you had hir'd a new Coachman; our *Hodge* is so Clownish,

WITWOUND.

No my *Dear*, he will do. Considering every thing, he is not so bad neither.

Mrs. WITWOUND.

I suppose we shall be plagu'd with his Measter and Mistrefs, and all them things. Besides, I fear he will be a very bad driver.

WITWOUND.

No, no, he has driven my father's team and mine these twenty years past, and often abreast.—He will do for a driver I dare say.

Enter B O Y.

Boy.

Measter, here's Mr *Trip*, with your *Shoes*.

WITWOUND.

WITWOUND.

Come here, Sir.—If ever you call me Measter, or Mrs. Witwound Mistrefs, any more, depend upon it I'll reward you. You will cut a pretty figure in London, you unpolish'd dog! Tell him to come in.

BOY.

Yes Sir, Sir, &c.—

[Exit. Boy.]

MRS. WITWOUND.

Well, my Dear, I'll leave you and the Shoemaker.

[Exit.]

Enter TRIP, bowing.

Your Servant Sir,

WITWOUND.

Well, Mr. Trip, I hope you have done my business compleatly now!

TRIP.

I hope they will please you, Sir: they are more like boots than shoes; damn the London fashion, I say, that it ever came up. Come, Sir, I'll fit them on. (*Fits on the Shoes*) There, Sir, fits like wax, Sir, fits like wax.

WITWOUND.

I think they pinch my toes confoundedly, and don't come high enough up in quarters. 'Sblood! I saw a Gentleman the other day, whose shoe quarters came almost up to the calf of his legs.

TRIP.

JOURNEY TO LONDON. 15

TRIP.

I don't know, Sir, I employ good hands. My hands come from London. I made shoes for your Feather a great many years, and I always pleas'd him.

WITWOUND.

My Father! he poor man scarcely knew a genteel shoe from a boot. But he is not to wear these: these are for me: I am to pay for them, so I will have them to my liking. How many pair have you got for me?

TRIP.

Six pair, Sir, three pair of Inch soles, and three pair of turn'd Pumps; and excellent goods they are, Sir.

WITWOUND.

Plague take your Inch soles! didn't you know I am a going to London to see my Uncle, a Parliament-man there. and it's ten to one, if I walk there three times my length the whole time of my stay. I should cut a pretty figure to walk with them inch soles! But what do they come to? I must leave the thick ones at home, that's all.

TRIP.

There's a deal of leather in them, Sir, well made, and in the newest fashion. I got a hand from London on purpose.

WITWOUND.

What's the price, I say?

TRIP.

TRIP.

Besides, Sir, the Straps are cut very full; they are the best black in the grain, and an excellent sole.

WITWOUND.

I want to know the price: I find no fault with the Shoes.

TRIP.

I'm sure, Sir, I've spoil'd the back of three hides to serve you. Besides, Sir —

WITWOUND.

Pox take your back and your sides! what do they come to? I shall fool away more time with you than the shoes are worth.

TRIP.

Why, let's see, Sir, — I can't abate one single farthing of what I ask.

WITWOUND.

Well, damn it! what is it that you ask? tell me, that I may pay you, and send you about your business.

TRIP.

Why, Sir, two Pounds, eight Shillings is just the Money. I can't abate one farthing, Sir.

WITWOUND.

I don't ask you. There, Sir, is your Money.

TRIP.

JOURNEY TO LONDON. 17

TRIP.

Sir, I thank you, and wish you and Madam a good night.

WITWOUD.

Thank you, Master Trip. [Exit. Trip]

Well come now, I am a little forwarder however, if I could but get my Wig and Coat now, I should be just right. But I suppose I must send the boy again— [Rings the bell.]

Enter BOY.

WITWOUD.

Go you to *Shavesquare's*, and desire him to send home my *wig* immediately, and call at *Thread's*, and bid him bring hither my *coat*, and d'ye hear? send *Hodge* to me.

BOY.

Yes Sir, Sir, &c. —

[Exit Boy.]

WITWOUD.

These fellows plague one to death. I hate to have any thing to do with them. Oh! here is *Hodge*.

Enter HODGE.

WITWOUD.

Well *Hodge*, how do matters go on? are your things all ready? How does the *new coach horse* answer?—

HODGE.

The Devil to eat; and pull and scratch like a Cat.—I dare say, he will answer very well, Measter—

D

WITWOUD.

WITWOUND.

Hold *Hodge*. Let me beg of you to exchange that vulgar word Measter, and call me Sir, and Mrs. Witwound, Madam.—There is something in that word so Vulgar, so Clownish, so countrified, that if you were to call me so in London, the people would not understand what you meant.—

HODGE.

Why, I don't care, not I, if I could but think on't, with all my heart: for I don't care what I call you, but I was so used to my old Measter, as I forget. But Mea— Sir, Sir, I mean, I think them Leather Traces can never be strong enough. Suppose now, we take two pair of our stout iron plough traces, and a hand-chain with us for fear we lie fast.

WITWOUND.

No, *Hodge*, no such unpolish'd tackling as plough traices and hand-chains. They would finely, I suppose, become a coach and my equipage!

HODGE.

Equipage Sir, Sir.— Pray is that our *new coach-horse*? why, I did not know what name to give him; why if he never has been used to iron traces yet, and if he be jadish, I know how to tame him. Equipage! I shall never think of his name.

WITWOUND.

You ignorant creature! Equipage means Coach, Horses, and Attendants.

HODGE.

JOURNEY TO LONDON. 19

HODGE.

Never mind me, Sir,—I'm sure I shan't be a sham'd: I'm sure; I wish we be safe without a hand-chain—

WITWOUND.

Oh! never mind, *Hodge*, if we ben't, I'll bear the blame.

HODGE.

But Sir, I should like to make a fresh bargain, in case any thing cross the grain should happen. I am sure, I wish you would not go, for I fear by my dreams we shall happen of some bad luck.

WITWOUND.

Poh! never fear. What do you mean by a fresh bargain, *Hodge*?

HODGE.

Why, I must think of more wages Sir; and if you get a Parliament-man's place, I shall like you would get me a High Sheriff's place. And, Sir, if I should be pressed into the King's guards, you shall make me a Captain, or, if I die there, I will be buried, for God knows, it is a great way from whoam.

WITWOUND.

As to my being Parliament-man, *Hodge*, that won't be till next year, but it may be in my way to get you prefer'd perhaps. But trust but to my honour, *Hodge*, and I won't wrong you—

HODGE.

No Sir, I can't bear the thoughts of that: that

damn'd fellow honour have flung me forty times, I believe. Nay, I had rather get Dick Scribble our Schoolmaster to draw up an article, that will beat all the honour in the varfal world.

WITWOUD.

Was not my Father a man of honour to you *Hodge*? If he was, will you scruple mine? I would forfeit my life before my honour——

HODGE.

Not when the pinch comes, Sir. Consider, Sir, that life is sweet, and what honour can a man have in losing his life? Your feather was good tidely honourish to me to be sure; but two honours can never be in one family. That I'm sure is impossible.

WITWOUD.

Well *Hodge*, let him draw them up, and I will look them over. But I shall insist on your taking no Vails, I shall insist on that.

HODGE.

Pray Sir, what do you mean by *Wales*; you don't intend to send me to sea a fishing, do you? I will not do that, Sir, now I tell you plainly——

WITWOUD.

You Simpleton, no, I mean, if any Ladies or Gentlemen offer you any Money, you must not take it.

HODGE.

No Sir, that I won't. I don't want to be listed for a soldier.

WITWOUD.

JOURNEY TO LONDON. 21

WITWOUND.

Well, *Hodge*, get your articles ready, and if I like them, I'll sign them, Oh! yonder 's *Tbread*.
Leave the room, *Hodge*, and send him in.

HODGE.

Yes Sir——

[*Exit. Hodge.*]

WITWOUND.

A strange mortal this *Hodge*? but an honest fellow, and one whom I can trust. I must keep him almost at any rate. (*Enter Mr. Tbread.*) Well *Mr. Tbread*, you are come at last. Did you think, I would never have paid you? Now, if any alteration be wanting, you have no time to do it in.

THREAD.

Indeed, Sir, I could no ways help it. I was oblig'd to wait on Squire Upright your Landlord Sir. That's the reason, Sir, I'll assure you.

WITWOUND.

You scoundrell! what is Squire Upright to me? is not my money as good as his? I care for never a Squire Upright; in the kingdom, not I.

THREAD.

Sir, confider, Sir, he is one of the Quorum, though he look so, and is going to London as well as you.

WITWOUND.

So shall I, Sir, next year, I expect, be one of the Quorum, and Parliament-man too, a post, I suppose he will never be in,

Mrs. WITWOUND.

My Dear, I heard you very loud; what is the matter?

ter? don't put yourself into a passion with so poultry a tradesman as a Taylor. If your coat fits you, take it, pay him, and have done with him: he makes no difference between a Gentleman and a common Squire.

THREAD.

Madam; as little as you think of me, I am counted somebody my self. I have been thrice Surveyor of the Highways, and twice constable of the Parish. I pay ten Shillings a year to the poor rates, and I was once mention'd for Overseer, tho' I'm a Taylor.

WITWOUD.

Come, Sir, try on my coat, and let's have none of your saucy language. (*Thread opens his bundle.*)

THREAD.

There, Sir, is as good a coat, as ever man put on his back. (*Fits on the Coat.*)

WITWOUD.

Why this coat's as short as a Postilion's jacket, and the Pockets are under my arm. Pray, Sir, what do you mean by these damn'd unmerciful buttons? they are as big as Coach-harness buckles. How narrow likewise this lace is! Didn't I tell you, to make the lace two inches and a half broad?—

Mrs. WITWOUD.

Yes, my Dear, but your Landlord engag'd him. He never thought of you.

THREAD.

They are in the newest fashion. I sent for a man
from

JOURNEY TO LONDON. 23

from London for the very purpose, and I say it's as pretty a coat as ever man peep'd out in for the price.

WITWOUND.

For the price, you Scoundrel! did I stint you with regard to the price? I care not, if it had cost fifty pounds provided it had pleas'd me——,

THREAD.

It's the cut of Squire Upright's exactly, Sir; and he, as well as you, is going to London among great folks.

Mrs. WITWOUND.

He is going to visit no Parliament-man, I dare say.

WITWOUND.

No, no, that I believe. I really think, however, this coat was never made for me. What's the price of it. Where's your bill?

THREAD.

Here is the bill, Sir,—— twenty five Pounds. Lace is very dear Sir, it cost me a Guinea a yard, or I stole it.

Mrs. Witwound, to Witwound, [aside

Suppose, my Dear, you pay him, then send for your sword, and fright it all out of him.

WITWOUND.

Come, Sir, there is your money. The coat, however, I think, is sadly fullied, but I must have it alter'd in London, I believe, that's all.

(Witwound pays him.)

THREAD.

THREAD.

Sir, you're very welcome; thank you. I wish you a good Journey. I made every stitch of it with my own hands.

WITWOUND.

I thought you said, you had a man from London to make it.

THREAD.

To make the button holes, and the Pocket holes, and the lace, that's all. Sir.—

WITWOUND.

Oh! that was all. Come, Sir, you'll drink a glass, before you go—

THREAD.

No, Sir, I'd rather be excus'd. I wish you a good day, Sir, and a good journey, when you go.

WITWOUND.

No, Sir, I insist on your drinking a glass.

(Witwound rings.)

Enter BOY.

(Witwound whispers to the boy to bring him the Sword,) instead of the bottle of wine.—

(Exit boy, and enters with the Sword.)

THREAD.

Sir, I hope you'll excuse me; I must be going.

WITWOUND.

No, Sir, I'll not excuse you. *(Draws the sword.)*
I have paid for my coat, Sir.—

THREAD.

JOURNEY TO LONDON. 25

THREAD.

Yes Sir, Sir, you have, Sir——

WITWOUND.

Then, Sir, I will pay you for your lies. If you don't confess all the truth concerning this coat, as I am sensible you never made it for me; I will run you thro' the Guts immediately.

THREAD. (*on his knees.*)

For God's sake, Sir, consider my family, and my self but the ninth part of a Man. There is cheating, Sir, in every business, as well as ours, and it's the first time with me indeed, Sir.——

WITWOUND.

No ceremony. Tell me out of hand, or you die.—

Mrs. WITWOUND.

Run him through, my Dear, run him through: kill him directly on the spot.

THREAD.

Oh! for God's sake, Sir, have mercy, and I will tell you the truth. I hope you will forgive me Sir.—

WITWOUND.

If you tell me the truth, perhaps I may. Where was it bought! Or how came you by it?

THREAD.

Why Sir, Sir, *te 'twas St. Sq.*—'pon my soul, I dare not tell you. I know you'll kill me, if I do.—

WITWOUND.

I am sure, I will, if you don't. Come, out with it directly, Sir.——

E

THREAD.

THREAD.

Why, 'twas *Sq. Squire Upright's* your Landlord;
Sir. Pray, Sir, have mercy, do Sir, for God's sake.

WITWOUND.

My Landlord's old coat, my Dear; only think
of that.

Mrs. WITWOUND.

Have no mercy, my Dear; kill him, if you should
be forc'd to maintain his family. A Scoundrel!
did he imagine you would wear your Landlord's old
coat?

WITWOUND.

What did you give for it, Sir? The truth as
you're a dying man.

THREAD.

Five *po* pounds, Sir, have mercy on a poor Tay-
lor. I'll never do so again, Sir, while I breathe.—

WITWOUND.

Rise, you Scoundrel: was it not for your family's
sake you should die this moment. Give me my
money back again, take the coat, and get out of my
house. Keep your own counsel, and this once I'll
forgive you, but never enter my house more.—

THREAD.

Thank you kindly, Sir, indeed I never will, 'pon
my soul, as long as I breathe. [*Exit Thread.*]

WITWOUND.

My Dear, what a damn'd rascal this Taylor is?
How the poor Devil shak'd? Ha! ha, ha! Poor
wretch! he was frighten'd out of his wits! I dare
fwear

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swear, since he was born, he never was in such terror.—

Mrs. WITWOUND.

It was no bad scheme, my Dear. Ha, ha, ha! I would not have been in the Taylor's case for some money. *[Exit Mrs. Witwound.]*

WITWOUND. *Solus.*—

Nor I; but it was a roguish trick. If I should now prosecute this Rascal, I must ruin him and his family, and the Parish will curse me; so, if he be wise enough to keep his own counsel, let him go like a rogue as he is. I have cloaths enough to travel in, and when I reach London, I must please myself, that is all. I must now go see what they are about. *[Exit Witwound.]*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT. II.

SCENE I. *Whitwoud's House.**Enter Mary, and Kate.*

MARY.

Well, *Hodge*, has spoke to our *Measter*, about his being made High Sheriff, and he tells him, as soon as he is Parliament-man, he shall be Sheriff.—

KATE.

Ay, ay, we had better be born fortunate than rich.

MARY.

We *quotha*! I should never have thought of *we*. Why you don't think *Hodge* will marry you, I hope.

KATE.

Why yes, to be sure he will. He is to have two wives, an't he? and I'm to be his second, or he's a liar.—

MARY.

Well, if he marries you too, I care not. For as I shall be first married, my title will be higher than yours. Now *Kate*, my title will be a *Baronight*: what yours will be I can't tell: it can't be above a Duke, I should think; no, I'm sure, it can't be above that.

KATE.

I don't know, not I, but I'll ask him, before he goes; but we must seem loath to my Mistress he should go, (*here she comes*) else we may loose poor *Hodge*, and trudge on foot all the days of our lives

Mrs. WITWOUD. *entering.*

Well, *Mary* and *Kate*, *Mr. Witwoud* and *I* are going

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going to take a little turn to London; pray take care of every thing in our absence. *Hodge* is made *Coachman*, which is very genteel for him, and when *Mr. Witwoud* is Parliament-man, which I suppose will happen next year, *Hodge*, will be prefer'd to the office of *High Sheriff*.

MARY.

Yes so *Hodge*, told me, but you *mun* know, *mistress*, *Hodge* and I are almost as one, and if any harm come to him, I shall never forgive you both, for *Hodge* is, tho' I say it that should not say it, a handsome young fellow, and there's so many fine Ladies in London, they say.

Mrs. WITWOUD.

None that will ever hurt him, I assure you, *Mary*.

MARY.

I don't know that. Why, suppose now a Duke, or a Lord's daughter should fall in Love with him; why he must marry her, else it's ten to one that he gets run through the Guts.—

Mrs. WITWOUD.

Oh! never fear. It shall be my task to take care of him; I promise you that faithfully.—

KATE.

Yes, Madam, but I fear it will be as much as you can do to take care of my *Measter*; and if he should die, you'll marry him yourself, perhaps, and that will be as bad as the other.

Mrs. WITWOUD.

No *Kate*, I'll promise, he shall be safe there too.

MARY.

50 THE FARMER'S

MARY.

Well, I know nought of London, not I, tho' perhaps I may before I die, but by all accounts it's a fore bad place. Why, now, if *Hodge* should get drunk, as I know he loves beer, he may be ravish'd by some great wench or another, or have his brains beat out, which is as bad, or stript naked, or drown'd in the River, or press'd into the Guards. A thousand such things may happen to him.

Mrs. WITWOUND.

If any harm befall him while in London, *Mary*, I pledge my word to make all the amends in my power.—If *Mr. Witwound*, comes here and wants me, tell him, I'm up stairs.—

Mary and Kate. Yes Madam. [*Exit Mrs. Witwound.*]

KATE.

Now, *Mary*, thou'dn't we be more safer, if we were married, before *Hodge* sets out.

MARY.

Never the safer for that: for if a London *Lady* take it into her head, she'll have a man married or single. But here comes *Hodge*, let's found him.—

Enter HODGE.

HODGE. (*Mary and Kate, peevish.*)

Hey day! what the Duce! pouting! if you be have so, I'll not bring you from London what I promis'd: that I won't.

Mary and Kate.

Then you may let it alone, that's all.

MARY.

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MARY,

You'll never think of us, when you get among them parliament devils of ladies.

KATE.

No, but we'll serve him in our turn, I assure him.

HODGE.

Nay, don't be jealous; dam it! I tell you I'll never have any other *Women* but yourselves; you know that well enough, so don't fret. My money is in Lawyer Scribble's hands, and if I die, take it betwixt you, and welcome.—It precisely amounts to 27*£*. 17*s*. 4*d*. half-penny *farthing*, which last 3 *farthings* I got for carrying ten eggs: take it all, and welcome, but don't vex me, I entreat you.

KATE.

We fear nothing, but the *Women*; *Hodge*. If they take aliking to you, pop you go off like a flash of gunpowder.—

HODGE.

I tell you, I won't. Damn them, if any of them offers to touch me, I'll break their arms or legs for them, I'll assure them. But here comes my *Measter*, so leave me, pray, do, else he'll see you've been out of humour.

[Exit Mary and Kate.]

Enter WITWOUD.

WITWOUD.

Well Hodge, have you got your articles ready?

HODGE. (*giving the Paper.*)

Yes, Sir, all is fair there, Sir.—

WITWOUD.

Well, Hodge, I'll look 'em over. Mean time go to *Shavesquare*, and desire him to send home my wig.

HODGE.

Yes, Sir.

[Exit Hodge.]

WITWOUND. *Solus.*

Bless me! how hard it is, to get these inconsiderate tradesmen to finish their work! this fellow of a Barber does not think, that by my waiting too long for his lowly wig, I may lose 3000*l.* a year for life. I have been considering, how I shall find this uncle of ours. I have no direction for him, but as he's a Parliament-man, I suppose that don't signify; every one, sure, will know where he lives.—In the next place, I don't know him, but as my wife must that's all one. Well, so long as we know his name, we shall find him some how or other.—But I must go in, and see, if Hodge is come back.

[Exit Witwound.]

SCENE II.

JOURNEY TO LONDON. 33

SCENE II. *A Parlour in Witwoud's, House.*

Witwoud and Hodge.

WITWOUD.

Well, *Hodge*, he says he will come immediately, does he?

HODGE.

Yes, Sir, Lud, Sir! he *have* a wig in his Shop very near as big as our little bay-stack. He says, 'tis for a *Parliament-man*.

WITWOUD.

That's my wig, *Hodge*.— Well, I have look'd over your articles, and, as I've no objection to them; I've sign'd them. Here they are; take them again.

HODGE.

Very well, Sir. Pray, Sir, don't forget the *Sheriff's place*. I think that *post* will do well enough for *Mary* and *me*, and *another*, if I want.

WITWOUD.

Yes, *Hodge*, a child, I suppose, you mean.—

Enter Boy.

[Exit Hodge.]

BOY.

Sir, the Barber's here with your wig, and desires to know, if you please to be shaved.

WITWOUD.

Tell him, yes, and desire him to bring it in.

[Exit Boy.]

F

Enter

Enter Shavesquare with Wig, Box, Napkin &c

WITWOUND.

Well, Sir, I thought you had forgot me, and design'd to have sent me bareheaded to London.

SHAVESQUARE.

No, Sir.— I hope, Sir, you'll never be forgotten.

WITWOUND.

Is your razor very sharp, Sir? You know I'm going a journey, and if you cut or disfigure my face in the least degree, you had better not you'll find.— But do you hear any news, *Mr. Barber*?

SHAVESQUARE.

No, Sir. I can't say I hear any thing worth minding, Sir.— There was a little bit of a joke put upon me just now, Sir.— A set of idle fellows, Sir, dress'd up an *owl*, and sent it to my shop, desiring me to dress a Parliament-man's *kinsman*. Damn them, if I had catch'd them, I'd have broke some of their heads.

WITWOUND.

Scoundrels! what did they mean by the *owl*, I wonder! Dam-me, if I be Justice of peace, next year, as I expect, I'll trim some of the Rascals with a Vengeance.—

SHAVESQUARE.

Yes, Sir, we want such a sharp man as you for the Quorum mightily.— Why, Sir, we may as well have a set of old women Justices, as your Landlord, and some others. But come, Sir, (*preparing the Latber*) sit down, if you please.

WITWOUND.

JOURNEY TO LONDON. 35

WITWOUND.

Well, have you got no more news? have you shav'd no great man to day?

SHAVESQUARE.

None, but our Parson, Sir.—And he, poor man! could talk of nothing for half an hour, but *Wilkes* and *Liberty*, and *Horne*, and I don't know what.—He poor man is almost superannuated, for he did but just see your wig on the block, Sir, and fancied it was a *Bishop*, and began to call it my *Lord*.—His eye-sight is now very bad: but the good old Parson is very fond of news.

WITWOUND.

Did he ask you no questions about me?

SHAVESQUARE. (*Shaving.*)

None at all, Sir, except about your wig. He said, indeed, that he heard of your going to London, that you was a clever young Gentleman, and that he wish'd you all manner of success and prosperity. Perhaps, Sir, if you be successful, it may be no worse for the Parson.

WITWOUND.

No, if I live to come down again, he shall be prefer'd, poor Soul! It's time he left off preaching now, he's very old.

SHAVESQUARE.

Yes, Sir, that he is. (*finishes shaving him*) Sir, he *Christened my Grandmother's Aunt*.

WITWOUND.

Your Grandmother's Aunt! bless me!—Well now, let's see the wig.—

SHAVESQUARE. (*taking the wig out, of the box, and fitting it on his head.*)

There is a *wig*, and something like a *wig* too.— I dare be bold to say, that there is not a Gentleman in all our County, that can boast of such a *wig*, let him be a *Parson*, *Physician*, *Counsellor*, or what the *Devil* he will.

WITWOUND.

I think it is rather scanty tho', *Mr. Shavesquare*.

SHAVESQUARE.

Scanty Sir! that *wig* scanty! why there's 16 ounces of *natural hair* in it, besides the *hair* of four grey mares, which is as good as 10 ounces more. Why the *long tail*, Sir, is a yard in length: but, if you don't like it, Sir, *Squire Upright* your *Landlord* will have it: he has got one from London, Sir, that he does not like half so well.

WITWOUND.

No, Sir, this shall never come upon his head, if I can help it. What's the price of it?

SHAVESQUARE.

Ten Guineas, Sir, is the lowest price, and I think it is richly worth fifteen. But your Father was a good customer before you, and I hope, Sir, I shall take more of your money.

WITWOUND.

Yes, Sir, that you shall. There's the money. I an't like some of the great folks, I never keep a tradesman out of his money.— [*Rings the Bell.*]

Enter Boy. Did you call, Sir?

Yes, desire *Mrs. Witwound* to walk this way a minute.

[*Exit Boy.*]

SHAVESQUARE,

JOURNEY TO LONDON 37

SHAVESQUARE.

Sir, I wish you both a good journey, and a happy return.

WITWOUND.

Thank you, *Mr. Shavesquare*, I wish you a good day

SHAVESQUARE.

Sir, your most humble Servant. [*Exit Shavesquare.*]

Enter Mrs. Witwound.

WITWOUND.

Well, my Dear, I have got a very handsome wig. Only think of my Landlord's wanting it. What is your opinion of it?

Mrs. WITWOUND.

Why my Dear, I think it pretty modest. I can't say I like them unmerciful Counsellor's wigs. If the tail, however, were about a *quarter longer*, it would not be the worse for it, I believe. But it will do very well. If you should not like it, you can buy another, you know, when you get to London.—

WITWOUND.

True, my Dear. But have every thing ready; all's fit on my side. I insist on setting out at 5 in the morning at farthest. Pray send in *Hodge* to me.

WITWOUND. *Solus.* [*Exit Mrs. Witwound.*]

Now, I'm pretty easy.—I hope this journey will turn out well at last. It ought, indeed: for it will cost me a deal of money: but when a man has a view of preferment, money is his best friend. Let me see. Four hundred pounds will not be enough, I must take another hundred; for I must not be baulk'd of a good place, for want of a little money. Well, how my neighbours will laugh, when I am

gone!

gone! poor ignorant creatures! they little think of my being sure of a place, I suppose.— Well, I shall spend very little time in the Country, I imagine, after this. My father, to be sure was an honest man, but no Schemer: had he had any ambition, he might have got a good place long before he died.— But here comes *Hodge*.

WITWOUND. (*Enter Hodge.*)

Well, *Hodge*, is every thing ready now? You must have the *coach* at the door to morrow morning by 5 oClock.

HODGE.

I am ready, Sir; but I wish you would take a hand-chain.

WITWOUND.

Go to bed with your Nonsense, and get up in the morning. [*Exit Hodge.*]

Now I'll to bed myself.—*Exit Witwound.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

JOURNEY TO LONDON. 39

A C T. III.

SCENE I. *Witwoud's House.*

Enter Mary, and Kate. (crying)

MARY.

Oh Kate! I have not got one *wink* of sleep to night, nor yet Hodge, I dare say. How the poor creature squeez'd my hand at parting, as tho' he would have grip'd it through, then cry'd like a man, while the boy (*that curst boy will be hang'd, I fear*) kept laughing all the time, when it would have melted a heart of stone.

KATE.

Ay, I'm sure my eyes are swell'd too. Poor creature, I thought he would never have done kissing me. I hope however, he will be safe enough.—

MARY.

Ay, but he kiss'd me first, and promis'd to marry me, as soon as he came home.

KATE.

So he promis'd me, and I will believe him. I dream'd he got his head broke, but I've no great faith in dreams.

MARY.

Nor I. But that new coach horse (*plague take my Measter's maggots*) made Hodge run the Wheel bump against the post, as he was driving out of the yard. The glass rattled: Measter swore: Mistress squeak'd, and that wicked boy laughed. Hodge cry'd, and had almost fallen off his seat. I'm sure I wish them all a safe return.

KATE.

KATE.

And I too. But *Mary*, as we're like to be *sisters*,
let us not differ I pray,

MARY.

I shan't disagree, not I. But as *Hodge* promis'd
me first, I only insist to be first in every thing.

KATE.

Well, with all my heart; as *Hodge* likes. But
let's go to breakfast. We shall have a fine time
on't now for 5 or 6 months.—

MARY.

Lud! I shall think the time long: but let's to
breakfast. [Exeunt *Mary* and *Kate*.]

SCENE. II. (*An INN on the road.*)

Enter *Mrs. Sharper* and *Hodge* Whistling.

MRS SHARPER.

Did you call, Sir, I pray?

HODGE.

No, Mrs; I whistled: but can you get breakfast
for myself and another, and a Parliament-man's
kinsman and his wife. You must make haste, or
he will run you through the Guts.—

MRS. SHARPER.

Yes Sir. — It shall be ready immediately.—

[Exit *Mrs. Sharper*.]

HODGE.

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HODGE.

Yes, Sir, tho' how well she behaves! I suppose she took me for a *High Sheriff*. If *Measter* wan't here, I could pass for a *Gentleman* my self. Yes Sir, I shall never forget that.—

Enter Mr. and Mrs. WITWOOD.

WITWOOD.

Well, *Hodge*, have you ordered breakfast?

HODGE.

Yes, Sir.—

WITWOOD.

Well then, go and look after the Horses, and take care, that nothing be missing in the Coach.—

HODGE.

Yes Sir, tho' I shall never forget that.

[Exit *Hodge*.]

Mrs. WITWOOD.

Well, my Dear, *Hodge*, does not behave amiss: only I've got a sad pain in my head, by hitting it against yours, when the blockhead ran the wheel against the Post.—

WITWOOD.

Oh! that will soon go off: the horse was rather untractable.

Enter Mrs. SHARPER.

Do your Honours chuse tea or coffee?

Mrs. WITWOOD.

Both, if you please Ma'am. (Exit Mrs. Sharper.)
How polite these people on the road are! Your honours! but they are used to genteel company.

G

WITWOOD!

WITWOUND.

Right, my Dear: there's so much fine Company comes here, that they know a *Gentleman* the moment they cast their eyes on him.

Mrs. SHARPER.

Please your Honours, Breakfast is ready.

[Exit Mrs. Sharper.]

Mrs. WITWOUND.

Well, my Dear, lets to breakfast directly. [Exit.]

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Sharper.

SHARPER.

What company have we got here? I never saw such a clown as the Coachman in my life: he has lost a lash of whip cord, and is bellowing like a bull, and charging our Hostler with theft.

Mrs. SHARPER.

Why this is a man of large fortune, they say, who is going to London to pay a visit to his uncle a member of Parliament.

SHARPER.

He may be a man of fortune, but he's no Gentleman, I imagine. He seems the first of his family that has rode in a Coach, and I suppose he'll be the last.

Mrs SHARPER.

Do but honour, him and I fancy you may cheat him as you please. He is little used to travelling and provided you honour him, and honour him, at the making out the bill, you may make what demands you like.

SHARPER.

JOURNEY TO LONDON. 43

SHARPER.

Well, come they've almost done breakfast—let's clear the room. I offer'd his coachman tea, but he cry'd damn your stuff! Give me some beer and bread and cheese. He eat, I'm sure, two pounds and drank two tankards of beer, and thought nothing on't.—

Mrs. SHARPER.

Well, his Master shall pay. that's all. But let's go, here they come, [Exeunt.

Mr. Witwoud to Mrs. Witwoud.

Well, my Dear, I've made a hearty breakfast. How clever the Girl behav'd, that waited at table. I don't love to be sneaking; I gave her *half a Crown*. But come, let's be gone, I should like to reach London by Dinner time.

(Rings. Enter Sharper.)

SHARPER.

Did your honour call?

WITWOUD.

Bring a bill, and desire my man to get the coach to the Door, if you please.

SHARPER.

I'll obey your honour directly.— [Exit Sharper.

Mrs. WITWOUD.

These people really behave charmingly. We must call here as we return.

WITWOUD.

Yes, my Dear, I intend it.

G 2

Enter

Enter Sharper with a Bill.

Witwoud takes it and reads,

"Sir John Witwoud, to Timothy Sharper;
To breakfast for 4 and to corn and hay 1*l*. 10*s*.
Well Sir, there is your Money.—

SHARPER.

Thank your honour: Your honours are both welcome. Please your honour, your Coach is at the Door.—Good journey to your honours.

WITWOUD.

Thank you, Mr. Sharper. [*Exit.*] Well my Dear, these houses are very obliging, but they are expensive too, faith.

Mrs. WITWOUD.

Ay, my Dear, I don't grudge it, tho' it were twice the sum.—But come, let's set off, *Hodge*, I see, waits us at the Door. [*Exeunt both,*

Enter Sharper and Wife.

SHARPER.

Well, wife, they're gone. This morning's work is tolerable. Damn it, if our Robin had not back'd the Coach out of the Yard, their clumsy driver wou'd have stuck there till now.—They will cut an excellent figure in London.—Damn the fellow with his honour! I suppose, he was ne'er dubb'd a Knight before.

Mrs. SHARPER.

Why we must observe our Guests, my Dear. People say ours is a knavish business: I say no: when a fellow has no money, we draw him no liquor and when we meet with a fellow that has plenty,
why

JOURNEY TO LONDON 45

why, to make ourselves amends for the custom we lose in the Poor, we make his honour pay double. So we're even at last.

SHARPER.

Well, he promis'd to call, as he came back: If he does I'll fleece him. unless he be fleec'd, to my hand; but some body in London will certainly save me that trouble——

Mrs. SHARPER.

Let's hope the best. Squire Shallow comes here to morrow; we must prepare for him. Damn the old rogue! if I don't be even with him, I've no pretensions to my business.]*Exeunt.*

SCENE. III. (*An INN in London.*)

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Witwoud.

WITWOUD.

Well, thank God, we're safe in London. But we must order dinner, for I am plaguy hungry.

Mrs. WITWOUD.

And I'm very dry,—I should like a glass of wine first. (*Rings.*)

Enter QUICKLY.

What would you please to have Sir?

WITWOUD.

WITWOUD.

Bring us a pint of Lisbon.—

QUICKLY!

Yes Sir.—

[Exit Quickly.]

Mrs. WITWOUD.

What Clownish people! there's nothing but plain Sir here.

WITWOUD.

So I find: but I'll change my house, if they don't mend their breeding.

Mrs. QUICKLY. (*with wine.*)

What would your Ladyship please to have for dinner?

Mrs. WITWOUD.

Some chickens, Ma'am, with some pork and greens. Will it be agreeable, Love.

WITWOUD.

Yes, my Dear.—

Mrs. WITWOUD.

And, if you please, *Mrs. Quickly*, make 4 or 5 *Dumplings*, for our servants will think they have no dinner without them.

Mrs. QUICKLY.

Dumplings, Madam! I beg your *Ladyship's* pardon, but really I don't know what they are. Some new *French Dish*, is it, Madam?

Mrs. WITWOUD.

Bless me! not know what a *dumpling* is! why it's in the form of a *pudding*, and of the size of a *foot-ball*.

Mrs. QUICKLY.

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Mrs. QUICKLY.

I'll do my best to oblige your *Ladyship*.

[Exit Mrs. Quickly.]

Enter HODGE. (*Roaring.*)

O Lud, Sir! what a damn'd *thievish* place this *London* is? why, I did not turn my back *half round*, before *pop* went my *great coat*; that's *stolen*.—I laid down my *whip*, and a *long hair'd pale fac'd rascal* whipp'd it up.—I see'd him and gave him such a lick as he is little used to, I suppose. I wish I was at *whoam* again.

WITWOUND.

You must look sharp *Hodge*.—You shall carry a letter after dinner to my *Uncle*: any body will direct you to him: but pray, inquire what sort of a house we are in. I have upwards of 400*l.* in Cash, and should be loth to lose it.—

HODGE.

Oh Sir! we are safe. The *Hostler* tells me, a great many *Gentlemen* frequent here. It's call'd the *loose petticoat* in *petticoat alley*.—

Mrs. WITWOUND.

Mind your behaviour to my *Uncle, Hodge*: he is a *Parliament-man*.—

HODGE.

If he were a *king*, I don't care: but I must mind my horses.— [Exit.]

WITWOUND.

Do that, what ever you do. Come, my Dear, whilst Dinner is a *Cooking*, I'll step and buy me a coat. Will you walk?

Mrs. WITWOUND.

Mrs. WITWOUND.

With all my heart, my Dear.— [*Exeunt both*]

Enter Quickly and Wife.

QUICKLY.

Well, wife, if we take care, we may make something of these people. I have been listning in the Lobby to their discourse, and I find they have come to town on a visit to an uncle, one Sir Samuel Gripe a Parliament-man, and have brought 4 or 500*l.* to buy a place. But as they neither know him, nor where to find him, shall we lose so fair an opportunity, without turning it to our advantage,

Mrs. QUICKLY.

I have it: I shall have an opportunity presently of talking to her: I'll tell her I know Sir Samuel very well, and where to find him: then you know, I can give the Coachman my directions. This Sir Samuel shall be *Jack Watchfull* our *Sharper*. Let it be your business to provide *Jack* with *cloaths*, and he'll do their business. I'll warrant him. But here they come. Let's away. [*Exeunt*].

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Witwound.

WITWOUND.

He is a very civil man my Dear: strange, that he should know me at first sight, tho' I did not know him! Seventeen Pounds is the price, tho' the rascal of a Taylor in the Country would have charg'd 25*l.* (*Rings the bell*) *Enter Hodge*. Well *Hodge*, I rang for my coat, but I see you han't brought it.

HODGE.

Your coat! I don't know what you mean. Sir!

WITWOUND.

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WITWOUND.

An't you mistaken, *Hodge*?

HODGE.

Not I, Sir. Why as big a fool as I am, I know a *coat* surely: this is a damn'd wicked place Sir: but you would come. *Exit.*

WITWOUND.

As I'm alive, I've lost it. That Taylor gave it to a man to bring it after me; well, after dinner I'll see about it —

Enter QUICKLY.

Your honour's dinner is ready, if you please. [*Exit.*

WITWOUND.

Very well, we come. — [*Exeunt both*

Enter Quickly and Watchful.

QUICKLY.

Well, *Jack*, manage it handsomely, and a *snug* 100*l.* is yours. —

WATCHFUL.

Never fear *Jack Watchful*. Remember the *Rose* near *St. Paul's*. There I wait your Commands. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Witwound, and Mrs. Quickly.

Mrs. WITWOUND.

Will you be kind enough *Mrs. Quickly* to favour me with your company till *Mr. Witwound* returns? he has stepp'd to the other street for a little time, and will return instantly.

Mrs. QUICKLY.

I hope your Ladyship will excuse me: I'm in
H such

such an odd dress, that I'm not fit to bear your Ladyship company.

Mrs. WITWOUND.

Oh! never mind that. Well, what news have you got? what company have you here in the Afternoon?

Mrs. QUICKLY.

Why this Afternoon, Ma'am, we shall have some very good company, Sir *Samuel Gripe*, Member of Parliament, and several other gentlemen of rank.

Mrs. WITWOUND.

Sir Samuel Gripe! that's my uncle, and the man we want to see; pray, what sort of a Gentleman is he?

Mrs. QUICKLY.

A very clever Gentleman indeed, my Lady

Mrs. WITWOUND.

Do you think he won't fail this Afternoon?

Mrs. QUICKLY.

If he should, I can direct your Ladyship where to find him, and if your Ladyship thinks fit, you may send your coach for him.

Mrs. WITWOUND.

Right, *Mrs. Quickly*. How lucky 'tis we stopt here! Pray where does my Uncle live?

Mrs. QUICKLY.

Sir Samuel Gripe, Ma'am, lives by the Rose in St. Paul's Church yard.

Enter Witwound with a Bundle. [Exit Mrs. Quickly.]

WITWOUND.

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WITWOUND.

A pretty Job! seventeen pounds, my Dear gone for ever! what rascally scoundrels these Taylors are! I could neither find man nor coat, but I'm bilk'd; that's all.

Mrs. WITWOUND.

Never mind it, my Dear: I've good news for you. Your work is done, and my Uncle is found.

WITWOUND.

Good news indeed! How came you, my Dear, by the Discovery?

Mrs. WITWOUND.

By mere chance: the Landlady who knows him, expects him here this Afternoon, and tells me, he lives by the Rose Tavern near St. Paul's. Now suppose we dispatch *Hodge* for him my Dear.

WITWOUND.

With all my heart: I'll give him a direction.

(Rings.) [*Enter Quickly.*

Be so good as desire my servant to come here.

Quickly, Yes Sir.—

Enter HODGE.

WITWOUND.

Take this direction, *Hodge*, and go with the Coach for my Uncle. The direction, observe it, is to Sir Samuel Gripe Member of Parliament. He lives by the Rose Tavern, near St. Paul's. But if you be at any loss, ask any Body you meet, and they will put you right: and if my Uncle should happen to put any questions to you, answer him frankly, and be not afraid.

H 2

HODGE.

HODGE.

Not I, Sir: let me alone for him: but Sir, have you recover'd your coat?

WITWOUND.

No more than you did yours, *Hodge*. But I don't mind it now.—

HODGE.

A wicked place this, Sir! A damn'd thievish place. [*Exit Hodge*]

WITWOUND.

Now, my Dear, it's proper we should go dress. I was so cunning as to bring home this coat myself: a cursed place this London is, surely!

Mrs. WITWOUND.

It's time, indeed, we were preparing to receive my Uncle as genteely as we can.— [*Exeunt both*]

Enter Quickly and Wife.

QUICKLY.

Well, they are gone to dress, and their lubberly coachman has set out for their Uncle's.

Mrs. QUICKLY.

Jack must dispatch this business immediately, and so let's be rid of them to night.— This *Witwound*, I dare swear, it some young Devil of a Farmer that has more money than wit, who never saw London before, and is likely to pay dear for his visit.—

QUICKLY.

So he will, I believe. I've got a most delightful suit of Cloaths for *Jack*: the fellow will appear like

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like a Prince. But here they come down stairs:
let's be gone.—

Exeunt.

Enter WITWOUND. (*Dress'd.*)

These women take a monstrous time in dressing. I wish now, my Uncle would appear. I'll push him home at once, and know my fate directly.—Oh, your servant, *Mrs. Witwound.*

Enter Mrs. WITWOUND.

Well my Dear, you look like a king. That coat becomes you amazingly well. If the tail of your wig had been a little longer, you would have been most compleatly dress'd. I don't care now, tho' my Uncle were come. How do you like me, my Dear?

WITWOUND.

Pretty well; only your hair, I think, stands rather like a hay-cock: you have rather too much hair in my opinion.

Enter QUICKLY.

Please your honour, your Uncle is in the next room.

WITWOUND.

Send in my man.—

QUICKLY.

Yes, Sir.—

[*Exit Quickly.*]

Enter HODGE.

Lord, Sir! an Angel! a King! never, Sir, in this *vassal* world did I see such a man. Now, Sir, don't forget my place.

[*Exit Hodge.*]

Enter Sharper as Sir Samuel Gripe.

SHARPER.

I presume, Sir, your name is *Witwound*. I have
not

not the honour of your personal acquaintance, but as I understand you are my Relation, I shall be proud of that honour. But excuse me, Sir, I surely know this *Lady*. I am overjoy'd, my dear niece, to see you: the perfect image of my sister! Excuse me, Sir, Pardon my weakness.—

Mrs. WITWOUND.

My Dear Uncle: Oh, Husband! this is my own uncle! so like my mother! my dear, dear uncle Gripe! my Aunt Sally is new married; my father is lately dead; and my Cousin Molly, you knew her, Sir.—

SHARPER.

Pray, my Dear, don't mention any more: I can't bear to hear it: it touches me to the very soul.—

But tell me, what was the motive of your coming to Town?

Mrs. WITWOUND.

Why, Sir, to be short: we heard you was a Member of Parliament, and so came to town, to try by your Interest to procure a good place.

SHARPER.

Why, I'll be frank with you.—There is a place of 3000*l.* a year, to which I can recommend you, Sir; but it will be expensive; the procuring it will cost you 500*l.* If you can afford so much, I believe you may be secur'd in it to night.

WITWOUND.

Sir, I have not above 400*l.* I hope Sir, you'll use me well.

SHARPER.

Well, Sir. for the sake of relationship, I'll advance
the

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the odd hundred. But to night it must be done, or you may wait for such a place again, God knows, how long.

WITWOUND.

My Dear, *fetch down the Money*, and give it to your Uncle. Now, Sir, my Servant expects a place too; a small one will do for him.—He is a poor man, Sir; and can afford no money.—

[*Exit Mrs. Witwound.*]

SHARPER.

When you are settled in your Office, it will be in your power to make him happy.—

Enter Mrs. Witwound. (with the Money.)

Mrs. WITWOUND.

There, my Dear, is the *Money*. Present it to my Uncle with a thousand thanks.—What a happiness it is, to be related to great people!

Witwound having giving Sharper the Money, Rings and Quickly Enters.

QUICKLY.

Did you call, Sir?

WITWOUND.

Bring a bottle of wine.

QUICKLY.

Yes, Sir. [*Exit Quickly, and enters with wine.*]

WITWOUND.

Fill the Glasses, Landlord.—

SHARPER.

Come, *Mr. Witwound*, your health: yours, my
Dear

Dear Niece. To morrow, I expect to have the pleasure of seeing you both at my house. In the mean time you will be book'd to night, and to morrow, Sir, you enter into possession of 3000*l.* a year.

Mrs. WITWOUND.

Thank you, my Dear Uncle. I drink your health.

WITWOUND.

Sir Samuel, your health: but pray, Sir what place is mine to be?

SHARRER.

As to that Sir, we must cast lots, and you must take your chance: but as the Salaries are all equal, that signifies little. To morrow, however, you shall know: I'll be at home on purpose for you all the morning, and at present I'll set about your business without loss of time. So good night.

Mr. and Mrs. Witwound.

God bless you Sir! we return you a thousand thanks.

[*Exit Sharper.*]

WITWOUND.

What a glorious man, my Dear, this Uncle of yours is! Damn it, I shall see the king to morrow: ten to one I drink tea with him in the afternoon.

Mrs. WITWOUND.

Ay, my Dear this was my doing. What a fortune your wife has brought you now?

Enter HODGE.

O Lud, Sir! O Lud! O Lud! *is he gone? Lost, ruin'd, tricked, and undone, Sir! what shall we do Sir? Oh! if we had never left whoam? Lord, what will Mary say? my poor old Measter's money! Rogue! rascal*

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*rascal! villain! cheat! your money's gone all to a cheat
a damn'd cheat, Sir.—*

WITWOUND.

You drunken puppy, what do you mean?

HODGE.

O Lud Lud Sir! he's not your Uncle: not indeed, Sir.—

WITWOUND.

Hold your bellowing you fool: don't your Mistress know her Uncle?

HODGE.

No, no, she don't Sir. The Landlord and Hostler quarrel'd, and the Hostler says, he's a sharper, and no Uncle of yours.—

WITWOUND.

How!— Upon my soul, my Dear, if you don't know your uncle, we're in a fine pickle. Send in the Landlord, *Hodge.*— [Exit.

Mrs. WITWOUND.

Surely, my Dear, I should know him- *but—but—*
I am not quite certain.

WITWOUND.

Not quite certain! we've made a damn'd Job of it, I'm afraid.—

Enter QUICKLY.

Did you call me Sir?

WITWOUND.

Are you sure Sir, that this was Sir Samuel Gripe?

QUICKLY.

Why Sir, I can't be positive: they call him Sir Samuel Gripe.—

I

WITWOUND

WITWOU'D.

Fairly cheated indeed, we shall be Town and Country talk: but be not low spirited, my Dear. I was as much to blame as you.— Well, we must quit London immediately, and by industry and frugality strive to repair this loss, and lighten our reproach. Make out your bill Landlord, and let's depart.— [*Exit. Quickly.*]

MRS. WITWOU'D.

Oh! my Dear, I shall never forgive myself, tho' what I did was with a good Intent.

WITWOU'D.

Be not discouraged love. We have both acted a ridiculous part, but surely, you han't been more in the wrong then I.

Enter Quickly with a bill.

Sir, your Coach is at the Door, and your bill amounts to ten Pounds. But I have pity with the unfortunate, and as I hope for your favour afterwards, I'll charge only five, and thank you.—Your humble Servant Sir.— [*Exit. Quickly.*]

HODGE.

The Coach is ready, Sir, and so let's depart, as long as the few brains we have left us, are not knock'd out—

WITWOU'D.

Come my Dear, let's away.—

Ambition's tow'ring heights no more I'll climb,
But thank my stars, that I've been check'd in time.
How easy 'tis to lift our thoughts on High!
But soon these fond imaginations die.—
Seem, what you are:— and keep to that old rule,
Learn Witwoud's case, and never play the Fool. [*Exeunt.*]

F I N I S.

